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Our Native Song

Henry Russell

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OUR NATIVE SONG.

A NATIONAL REFRAIN

as Sung with great applause by

Mr. H. Russell.

AT HIS PUBLIC CONCERTS,

THE MUSIC

COMPOSED, ADAPTED, ARRANCED, & MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

The People of the United States.

by

HENRY RUSSELL.

Pr. 50 Cts nett

NEW YORK

Published by FIRTH HALL & POND *239 Broadway.*

And 1 Franklin Sq.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1841 by Hewitt & Jaquis in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the Southern Dist. of New York.

OUR NATIVE SONG!

Composed by Henry Russell.

QUASI CON SPIRITO.

Tempo gusto.

8va

Our na_tive song! our na_tive song! Oh!

8va

Loco.

where is he who loves it not? The spell it holds is deep and strong, Wher-

e'er we go, what--e'er our lot, Let o--ther mu--sic greet our ear With

thrill--ing fire or dul--cet tone; We speak to praise, we pause to hear, But

yet— oh! yet— 'tis not our own! The An--them chant, the Ballad wild, The

notes that we re__mem__ber long__ The theme we sing with lisping tongue 'Tis

this we love our na__tive song! Our na__tive song!

8va

Our na_tive song! The theme we sing with lisping tongue 'Tis this we love our

8va

na__tive song!

8va

The one who bears the felon's brand, With moo-dy brow and darken'd name, Thrust

mean--ly from his fa-ther-land, To lan--guish out a life of shame; Oh!

let him hear some sim-ple strain— Some lay his mo--ther taught her boy— He'll

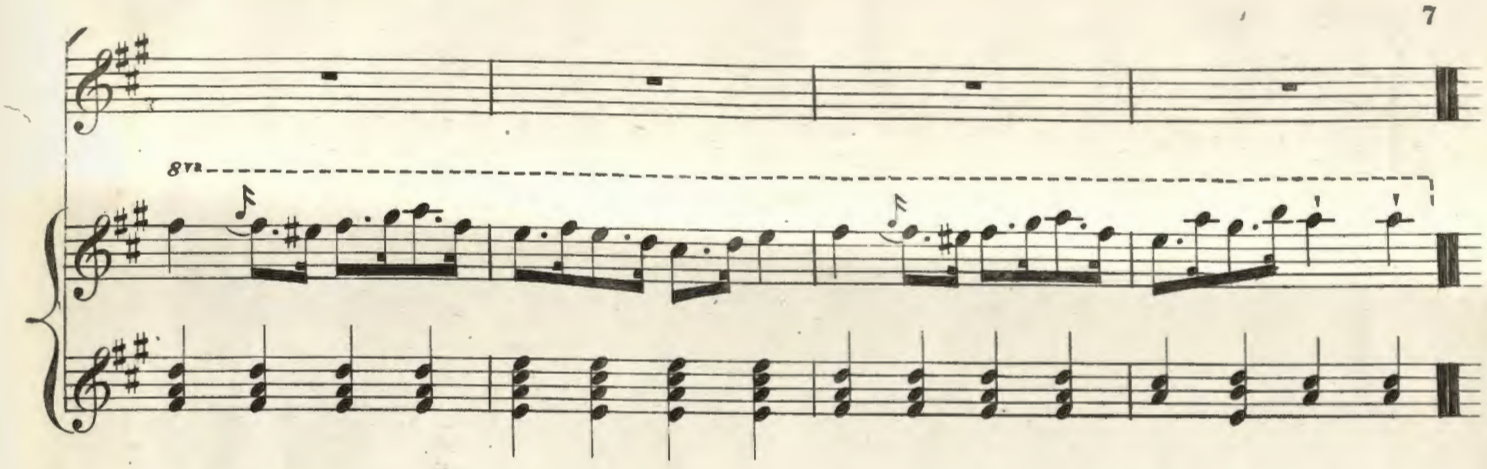
feel the charm, and dream a-gain Of home, of in--no--cence, and joy! The

sigh will burst, the drops will start, And all of vir--tue buried long— The

best, the pu--rest in his heart, Is w♯aken'd by his na--tive song.

Our na--tive song! Our na--tive song! The

theme we sing with lisping tongue— 'Tis this we love— our na--tive song!



THIRD VERSE.

Self-exil'd from our place of birth, To climes more fragrant, bright, and gay, The

mem'--ry of our own fair earth May chance a-while to fade a-way: But

should some minstrel e-cho fall, Of chords that breathe Co-lumbia's fame, Our

souls will burn, our spirits yearn, True to the land we love and claim. The

high! the low! in weal or woe, Be sure there's something cold-ly wrong A-

bout the heart that does not glow To hear its own, its na--tive song.

Our na--tive song! Our na--tive song! The

theme we sing with lisping tongue, 'Tis this we love our native song!

G. W. Quador Eng.[rr]